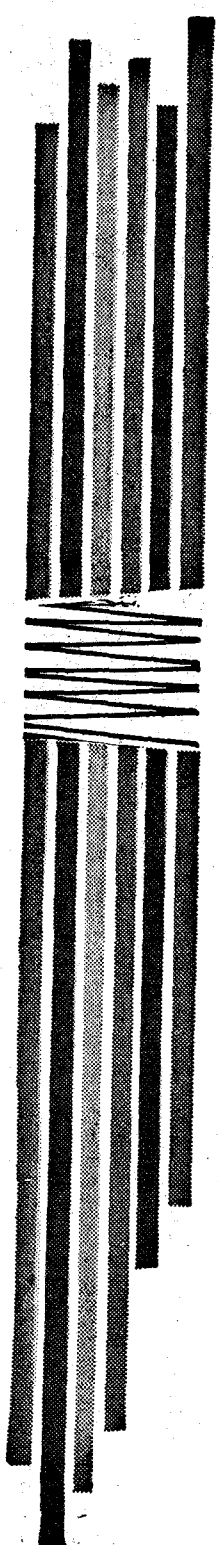


THE NATION

May 18, 1964 . . 35c



The Talents of TERRY SOUTHERN

Nelson Algren

Police Vigilantes

Incident in Hattiesburg

Howard Zinn

Pay or Free?

The Coming TV War

Desmond Smith

AN AFTERNOON WITH NEHRU

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

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LETTERS

Process and change

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Dear Sirs: I've read Barrows Dunham's article ("When Thoughts Are Unthinkable," *The Nation*, Apr. 27) four times — each time with heightened interest and excitement. He has exposed a real process in human affairs and yet has the insight to realize that we are not automatons, *chained* to a process; that we can end it; that we can possibly understand the social process of change and learn to control it.

I think a concomitant of the process of ideologies becoming divorced from true descriptions of reality are the tendencies for orthodoxies to develop complicated rituals and for heresies to demand simplicity. *Sydney Spiegel*

Mockery

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am enraged and full of shame for our country and what passes for justice in our courts after reading Fred Cook's brilliant article on Hoffa's trial (*The Nation*, Apr. 27). . . . The failure of the American press to report this trial adequately is depressing. But for *The Nation's* coverage, I would have been ignorant of this mockery.

Robert E. Kleiger, M.D.

The Superlatives

New York City

Dear Sirs: I was pleased by Ivan Gold's article, "The Big Puff" (*The Nation*, May 4). It is a discouraging characteristic of this country that so many large literary reputations are based on such small accomplishments, and I do not exclude myself as one of the possible beneficiaries of this situation. Lists of "new," or "young," or "most promising" or "most prominent" writers invariably include a majority who have created next to nothing of even moderate value and omit such genuine and original talents as James Purdy, John Hawkes and Ivan Gold himself.

Joseph Heller

Schools for adults

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your issue of April 6 carries a review by Norman Fruchter on *The Making of the English Working Class* by E. P. Thompson. Mr. Fruchter says: "Thompson has worked in adult education—in the extra-mural department of English universities (it is hardly accidental that we have no equivalent departments in this country)."

There are, in fact, more than 100 member colleges (extra-mural departments) of the National University Extension Association; they have over

one million students and thousands of faculty. . . . In the field of liberal adult education, as to *quantity*, we are ahead of the English. I refer you to an article in the March 27 *Spectator*, called "Sir Edward and the Tiger," in which the grim economic situation overtaking not only the British W.E.A. (Workmans Education Association), but extra-mural departments is commented upon.

Money is not the only or best measure of a cultural venture, but it may be instructive that the budgets of many university extension divisions in the United States exceed by many millions the *total* given to adult education in the extra-mural departments of all the universities of England and Wales (\$1,700,000) by the Ministry of Education. There are many negative comments to make about the *quality* of education anywhere . . . but if Mr. Fruchter has been altogether too categorical in his uninformed statement it is probably because a kind of invisibility attaches to adult education in or out of American universities.

*Milton R. Stern, Assistant Dean
Division of General Education
and Extension Studies
New York University*

Motor safety

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: My highest commendations for your series of articles on motor-car safety: Ralph Nader's last year ("Detroit Makes Your Choice," Oct. 12) and the most recent by Edward Tenney ("Myth of Driver Education," Apr. 20).

Both gentlemen are completely realistic in their appraisals of the car makers' attitudes, and in view of the fact that the engineers, designers and the policy-making executives know even better than their critics what might well be done in the way of design and construction of cars to make them safer, it is high time that they be found criminally negligent.

Horace E. Campbell, M.D.

The real drive

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Recent white resentment of the cause of civil rights — especially where civil disobedience is involved — cannot simply be regarded as a growing antipathy to violence, nor even as latent prejudice. Rather, considerable tragedy is developing along the entire rights front because a great many people among the so-called majority—the mass of politically illiterate Americans — consciously or otherwise, imagine that the Negroes' drive for equal rights represents a voracious, unlimited drive for power. . . . Too few realize . . . that the country's enlightened Negro leadership, along with other liberal elements, is ostensibly, striving for . . . an order which will secure and guarantee the meaningful rights of *all* its members.

We are in the middle of an American revolution, a revolution incidentally led by the American Negro because he has been, and continues to be, the greatest sufferer of injustice in our undemocratic society. . . .

Edward F. Nash

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The VIPs Regret

A performers' boycott of segregated concerts in Mississippi was touched off by the arrest last November of a Negro and a white when they attempted to attend a white-only concert of the Royal Philharmonic Symphony of London in Jackson, Miss. Literary figures and government officials have now joined this protest against inequality.

Stephen Spender, Walter Allen and John Gassner canceled appearances at a white-only Southern Literary Festival, April 23-25, at Mississippi State College for Women at Columbus, after being approached by John Lewis, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). The boycott began to include government officials when, on February 28, James Webb, administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, was scheduled to speak in Jackson at a Legislative Welcome Dinner. Mendell Davis, executive secretary of the sponsoring Chamber of Commerce, told SNCC that Negroes could not attend the meeting or hear Webb speak. Lewis protested to Webb in a telegram and Webb canceled on the day of his speech.

Jackson Mayor Allen Thompson exclaimed in anger that it was "disgraceful" that the space chief "of the world" should cancel because "some little group was after him not to come." "Let me tell you something!" Thompson shouted. "Anyone in such a high official position certainly cleared his decision with the President of the United States. . . . So we can put the blame directly on the President, who in effect says — 'Don't go to Mississippi. We do not want to offend the NAACP and other agitator groups — we don't mind insulting the members of the Mississippi Legislature and the people of Mississippi.'"

A Foreign Trade Seminar, under multiple sponsorship, was set for April 8 at the University of Southern Mississippi, a college whose president was to chair a big white Citizens' Council affair featuring General Walker on May 2. In a letter to Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, Lewis pointed out: "This school is segregated and has refused admission to one qualified Negro, John Frazier, five times, the last time as recently as three weeks ago." On April 2, both the Department of Commerce and the Small Business Administration withdrew their sponsorship from the seminar.

Two days after the seminar, the Mississippi Dietetic Association was to meet in Biloxi. Two Veterans Administration personnel from the VA center in Biloxi and a consultant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare were set to participate. Protests by Lewis led to all three canceling their appearances at the white-only affair.

Veterans Administrator J. S. Gleason, Jr., explained,

"Under the circumstances, I determined that VA personnel should not participate in the meeting and appropriate instructions were issued." James M. Quigley, assistant secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, declared, "It is the policy of this department not to participate in segregated meetings."

The mayor of Jackson is undoubtedly right that the President of the United States knows what is going on, but Mr. Johnson should make that statement himself. He should affirm that it is indeed the policy of the federal government not to participate in segregated affairs. The Administration's stand on civil rights demands no less.

Shuffling Off to Buffalo

Since the death of Rep. Francis E. Walter, the House Committee on Un-American Activities has done practically nothing except eat its fat appropriation. But since it must at least give an occasional appearance of being awake, it decided to put the show on the road once more. But where? New York? Impossible to compete with the fair. San Francisco? God forbid — look what happened last time. So why not Buffalo, where in 1957, HUAC had a good run and was generally well received. Nothing could go wrong in Buffalo, regarded as an apolitical town, and conservative insofar as it is political at all.

But did they run into a nest of scorpions! A harbinger was the action of the Common Council on April 28. Democratic Councilman James D. Griffin sponsored a resolution which would have extended a "cordial welcome" to the HUAC contingent. "Someone has to stick up for American rights," Mr. Griffin protested. But views on Americanism and un-Americanism differ. Councilman Delmar L. Mitchell, likewise a Democrat, asserted that HUAC went into a community only to "convict people without due process." The Upstate New York Division of the American Civil Liberties Union said many "respectable" individuals and organizations were publicly questioning the "real" purpose of the committee's visit. The Council of Churches of Buffalo and Erie County attacked HUAC for having drawn "unjust conclusions of guilt" in 1957. And, perhaps the unkindest cut of all, the Buffalo Diocesan Council on Civil Liberties accused HUAC of having done little in its quarter century of existence except "stifle dissent and an open political dialogue." Whether influenced by all this protest or by considerations of its own, the Common Council tabled the resolution of welcome, 11-4.

Came the great opening, with the usual FBI undercover agent and the sixteen accused. The Buffalo *Evening News*, which approves of HUAC, carried a box decrying that abbreviation as "a subtle attempt to

characterize the committee itself as engaged in un-American activities." The four members of the subcommittee were escorted under heavy guard to the courthouse, where extraordinary security precautions were in effect. But outside, according to the *Evening News*, 300 demonstrators, mostly students from the State University of Buffalo, Harpur College, Cornell, Hobart and State Teachers College, marched on the picket lines. "It was just like the day of the big game — and the rain didn't matter," the *Evening News* reporter wrote. The demonstrators kept chanting, "Go back, HUAC; go back, HUAC." They were defending, they maintained, by sign, voice and presence, "freedom of conscience" and their "right to think." The reporter went on in this vein until one would have thought he might have been called as a seventeenth unfriendly witness.

From HUAC's standpoint, the show was hardly a success. Where can the Committee go next? To Jackson, Miss., or Birmingham, or Albany, Ga., maybe? The trouble with that, as the Councilman who led the opposition to the resolution of welcome pointed out, is that most of the HUAC members are Southerners. There doesn't seem to be any place for it to go, or anything for it to do—except, of course, to refund the unexpended portion of its appropriation and send its files to archives.

Wallace in Alabama

Governor Wallace's forays into Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland have distracted attention from the squeeze play he has executed in Alabama. On May 5, as he had arranged, the Democratic voters nominated a slate of unpledged Presidential electors who will vote in November either for Wallace or for the man of his choice. This slate won by a margin of 4-1 over a "loyalist" slate pledged to the nominees of the Democratic Party and openly supported by Senators Hill and Sparkman. Two years ago, Senator Hill managed to win the Democratic nomination by the narrow margin of 3,000 votes. Two years hence, Senator Sparkman will be up for re-election. In the past, Senators Hill and Sparkman have avoided any clear-cut break with the "white supremacy" extremists in their party. But the two Senators have now set themselves apart from these elements and the break will not easily be repaired. Time has run out on the equivocal position on racial and civil rights issues which has enabled the two Senators from Alabama to stay alive politically.

Alabama has a one-term rule for the office of governor. But Governor Wallace will no doubt be able to induce the legislature to make it possible for him to run for re-election or he just might decide to contest the Senatorial nomination with Senator Sparkman. And even if Wallace decides not to run for the Senate, he will have someone in that race against Senator Sparkman and his candidate will have the backing of the formidable political machine the Governor now controls. The moment of decision having now arrived, Senator Sparkman must align himself forthrightly

with the position taken by President Johnson or adhere to his old no position in the hope that the civil rights issue will go away. What he cannot possibly do is compete with Governor Wallace's brand of demagoguery.

Judging the Judges

The Pulitzer jurors properly reserve the right to make no awards in a given field when the year has been barren of excellence in that area, and we tend to agree with the decision to withhold prizes this year for drama and fiction. But the failure of the Pulitzer Committee to award a prize in music, and the docility with which its decision has been accepted by the press, come close to being a national cultural scandal. At the very least, it is a spectacular demonstration that the public arbiters in the arts are utterly out of touch with the creative fields they presume to evaluate. For there has probably never been a more remarkable year for American music; the sheer intensity of activity on all levels, and in many different parts of the country, was incredible for a public musical culture that appeared so peripheral and dormant only a few years ago.

And questions of stylistic prejudice of any kind are irrelevant, since there was almost no major American composer who did not have an important first performance or publication during this period. Thus, aside from any "advanced" or "*avant-garde*" considerations, this was a year in which there were first performances of a major new symphony by Roger Sessions, whose eminence is hardly controversial, as well as full-scale symphonic works by Aaron Copland, Stefan Wolpe, Leonard Bernstein, Ross Lee Finney, Peter Mennin and Vladimir Ussachevsky. This was the year when Leon Kirchner's Second Piano Concerto was performed in Seattle, when Elliott Carter's *Double Concerto* was published, and when a new opera, *Athalia*, by Hugo Weisgall, one of the few American opera composers whose works have attained serious artistic stature, was first performed.

The first of the new Ford Concert Artists Commissions began to appear, and there were large-scale chamber works by Virgil Thomson, Milton Babbitt, Lukas Foss, Arthur Berger, Gunther Schuller, Norman Dello Joio, Seymour Shifrin, George Perle, Vincent Persichetti, George Rochberg and Ralph Shapey. And among the younger generation, if they are taken into account (as they obviously are in other Pulitzer fields), there were new works by such conspicuously promising composers as Easley Blackwood, Yehudi Wyner, Charles Wuorinen, Salvatore Martirano, Claudio Spies, Chou Wen-Chung, Peter Westergaard, Mario Davidovsky, Lester Trimble, Lawrence Moss, Robert Cogan and Harvey Sollberger.

If, among all these, there was not one work that could meet the artistic standards of the Pulitzer Committee, one can only despair of the music prize's ever being awarded again in our generation. But if, as the record of mediocrity established by most of the previ-

be a cause of the JPL-NASA ous plights, JPL director William from aig responded, "I prefer not their sizer that question."

for whom PL-NASA fracas illustrates resentatthe point made by Carl lumbia U. "The Government of competen a report written for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. "Contract regulations, administrative surveillance and occasional Congressional investigations are not full substitutes for the spirit of public accountability fostered within government agencies by the need to respond continually to the demands of the total governmental system and to accept the rigors and austerity of its operations." This glaring lack of public accountability brings up the question once raised by Caltech itself—why not place JPL in the government instead of under Caltech? But today such a move is sternly rejected by both NASA and Caltech. While freely chastising JPL, NASA reaffirms allegiance to the relationship — particularly that part of it which allows Civil Service pay scales to be ignored. And Caltech's original misgivings have disappeared. In an age of soaring educational costs, a \$1 million-a-year source of income cannot be scouted. The very presence of JPL provides other unorthodox academic benefits, including the increasingly competitive recruitment of faculty. Professorial incomes can be padded out with consulting appointments in the

wealthy aerospace complex. JPL not only provides such opportunities, it creates them elsewhere. Its research in jet-assisted take-offs resulted in the birth of nearby Aerojet General Corporation, today a giant defense contractor with attractive consultative work for a technical faculty. (Caltech trustees as well as professors can appreciate JPL's multiplier effect. Two of them, T. V. Jones of Northrup and A. O. Beckman of Beckman Instruments, are leaders in the Southern California aerospace complex that JPL has helped foster.) While federal aid to education is a dream for most universities, it is a glamorous reality at Caltech. It and such other favored universities as MIT and Johns Hopkins have thus come to hold a vested interest in the nonprofit concept, regardless of its appropriateness to an academic environment.

By encouraging nonprofit institutions to manage government science, the federal government has effectively deprived itself of the ability to do the job. Karth's office, in announcing the Congressman's present investigation, commented: "There is no substitute for JPL at this point, so he [Karth] wants to make the arrangement work better."

Instead of trying to make such arrangements work better, Congress might more profitably ask itself why the federal government gets into such predicaments in the first

place. Before becoming the Deputy Director of Research and Technology in the Defense Department, Chalmers Sherwin managed the laboratories division of the nation's largest nonprofit corporation, the Air Force's Aerospace Corporation. (Aerospace likes to refer to itself as a public trust corporation rather than a "nonprofit.") Says Sherwin:

Responsibility and scientific competence must somehow be brought together if government is to serve the public interest and if the right decisions are to be made to advance the intricate giant that science has become. . . . Even though they [the nonprofits] have strong internal commitments to the public interest, and their actions usually serve that interest well, they do not literally represent government. What is needed is an invention inside government equivalent to these nonprofit corporations. Within government a delegation of authority and responsibility could be made to large self-contained units. The liberty necessary for a benign environment for science could be preserved, and creative scientists might be lured into government service. Yet the power to direct the course of science and weigh its consequences in terms of the public welfare would not be relinquished.

As long as it delegates such power to nonprofit institutions, no matter how competent these institutions may be, the federal government will guide "the intricate giant" with the aplomb of a robed figure equipped with a cracked crystal ball.

Incident in Hattiesburg Howard Zinn

There was one moment of sick humor when the four of us in the FBI office in Hattiesburg, Miss., met the interrogating agent who had come in to get the facts from Oscar Chase about his beating the night before in the Hattiesburg city jail. John Pratt, attorney with the National Council of Churches, tall, blond, slender, was impeccably dressed in a dark suit with faint stripes. Robert Lun-

ney, of the Lawyer's Committee on Civil Rights, dark-haired and clean-cut, was attired as befits an attorney with a leading Wall Street firm. I did not quite match their standards because I had left without my coat and tie after hearing of Chase's desperate phone call to SNCC headquarters to get him out of jail, and my pants had lost their press from standing in the rain in front of the county courthouse all the day before; but I was clean-shaven and tidy. Chase, a Yale Law School graduate working with SNCC in Mississippi, sat in a corner, looking exactly as he had a few hours before when I saw him come down the corridor from his cell: his boots

were muddy, his corduroy pants badly worn, his blue work shirt splattered with blood, and under it his T-shirt, very bloody. The right side of his face was swollen, and his nose looked as if it were broken. Blood was caked over his eye.

The FBI agent closed the door from his inner office behind him, surveyed the four of us with a quick professional eye, and then said soberly: "Who was it got the beating?"

I mention this not to poke fun at the FBI, which deserves to be treated with the utmost seriousness. After all, the FBI is not responsible—except in the sense that the entire national government is respon-

Howard Zinn's The Southern Mystique will be published by Knopf in the fall and the current article will appear in a book on SNCC that is contracted for by Beacon Press. Mr. Zinn teaches in the Department of Government, Boston University.

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sible, by default—for prison brutality and police sadism. It is just one of the coldly turning wheels of a federal mechanism into which is geared the frightening power of local policemen over any person in their hands.

Chase had been jailed the day before—Freedom Day in Hattiesburg—when a vote drive by SNCC had brought more than 100 Negroes to the county courthouse to register. On Freedom Day, also, fifty ministers came down from the North to walk the picket line in front of the county courthouse, prepared to be arrested.

It was a day of surprises, because picketing went on all day in the rain with no mass arrests, though the picketers were guarded the whole time by a hostile line of quickly assembled police, deputies and local firemen. These arrived on the scene in military formation, accompanied by loud-speakers droning orders for everyone to clear out of the area or be arrested. Perhaps there were no mass arrests because SNCC had been tirelessly putting people into the streets, until police and politicians got weary of trundling them off to jail; perhaps newly elected Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson wanted to play the race issue cautiously (as his inaugural speech suggested); or perhaps the presence of ministers, TV cameras and newspaper men inhibited the local law men.

At any rate, only two persons were arrested on Freedom Day. One was Robert Moses, SNCC's director of operations in Mississippi, who has, in his two years or so in the state, been beaten, shot at, attacked by police dogs and repeatedly jailed—a far cry from his days in Harvard graduate school, though not perhaps, fundamentally, from his childhood in Harlem. Moses was arrested for failing to move on at a policeman's order, across the street from the courthouse.

The other person arrested that day was Oscar Chase, on the charge of "leaving the scene of an accident." Earlier in the day, while driving one of the ministers' cars to bring Negro registrants to the courthouse, he had bumped a truck slightly, doing no damage. But two policemen took note, and in the afternoon of Freedom Day a police car came by and took Chase off to jail. So Freedom Day passed as a

kind of quiet victory, and everyone was commenting on how well things had gone—no one being aware, of course, that about 8 that evening, in his cell downtown, Oscar Chase was being beaten bloody and unconscious by a fellow prisoner while the police looked on.

No one knew until early the next morning, when Chase phoned SNCC headquarters. I was talking with a young Negro SNCC worker from Greenwood, Miss., in a Negro café down the street, when the call came in. We joined the two ministers, one white and one Negro, who were going down with the bond money. The police dogs in their kennels were growling and barking as we entered the jail house.

Bond money was turned over, and in a few minutes Chase came down the corridor, unescorted, not a soul around. A few moments before, the corridor had been full of policemen; it seemed now as if no one wanted to be around to look at him. After Chase said he didn't need immediate medical attention, we called for the police chief. "We want you to look at this man, as he comes out of your jail, chief." The chief looked surprised, even concerned. He turned to Chase: "Tell them, tell them, didn't I take that fellow out of your cell when he was threatening you?" Chase nodded.

The chief had removed one of the three prisoners in the cell early in the evening, when Oscar complained that he was being threatened. But shortly afterward the guards put in another prisoner, of even uglier disposition. He was not as drunk as the man who'd been taken out, but he was in a state of great excitement. He offered first to lick any man in the cell. Chase said later: "He was very upset about the demonstration—wanted to know why the jail wasn't full of niggers." He had been a paratrooper in World War II, and told Chase he "would rather kill a nigger-lover than a Nazi or a Jap."

The third man in the cell proceeded to tell the former paratrooper that Chase was an integrationist. Now he began a series of threatening moves. He pushed a cigarette near Chase's face and said he would burn his eyes out. Chase called for the jailer, and asked to be removed from the cell. The jailer made no move to do so. The ex-paratrooper asked the jailer if Chase was "one of

them nigger-lovers." The jailer nodded.

What Oscar Chase remembers after that is that the prisoner said something like, "Now I know why I'm in this jail." Then:

The next thing I can remember was lying on the floor, looking up. I could see the jailer and some other policemen looking at me and grinning. I could also see the other prisoner standing over me, kicking me. I began to get up, was knocked down again, and then heard the door of the cell open. The cops pulled me out and brought me into another cell, where I remained by myself for the rest of the night. . . . I was still bleeding, a couple of hours after the incident. . . . Watching from the door of my new cell, I saw the trusty put a pack of cigarettes and some matches under the door of my attacker's cell. Later I heard police come in and let him out. I could hear them laughing. . . .

The FBI dutifully took photographs of Oscar Chase and long, detailed statements. Those experienced in the civil rights activities of the past few years will be astonished if anything comes of that.

The beating of Oscar Chase was not extraordinary. In fact, it was a rather mild example of what has been happening for so long in and out of police stations. White field secretaries for SNCC have been beaten again and again in the Deep South: William Hansen had his jaw broken in a jail cell in Albany, Ga.; Richard Frey was attacked on the street in Greenwood, Miss.; Ralph Allen was beaten repeatedly in Terrell County, Ga., and John Chatfield was shot in the same county; Robert Zellner has been beaten too many times to record.

Negroes have been beaten more mercilessly, more often, and with less attention: legs have been broken by policemen, faces smashed to a pulp, clubs used again and again on the heads and bodies of black men, women, children. In towns in Georgia, James Williams had his leg broken by police (Americus); Rev. Samuel Wells was kicked and beaten by police (Albany); Mrs. Slater King, five months pregnant, was punched and kicked by a deputy sheriff (Camilla), and later lost her baby. In Winona, Miss., Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer and Annelle Ponder were beaten by police. Men, women and children were clubbed in Danville, Va., by police. In a Clarksdale, Miss., police station, a 19-year-old Negro girl was forced to

The Sullen Marriage

Pasadena
Oak Grove Drive in Pasadena, Calif., is a pastoral road that trails above a canyon called the Arroyo Seco, winds past the Devil's Gate flood-control dam, the Flintridge Riding Academy and shady picnic grounds, to dead end at the foot of the mountains. Today a relatively new and somewhat jolting sight greets the leisurely driver at the dead end—a cramped complex of more than 100 buildings that rise as abruptly as the mountains and house a daytime population of 4,000. The high-rise complex is entered through a Visitor Control Center where one must announce whether his visit is

Wesley Marx, a California reporter, has contributed to a number of West Coast magazines.

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unclassified, confidential, secret or top secret.

This concrete kingdom is the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, whose physical seclusion is occasionally matched by its public reticence. Entrusted with running the nation's \$200 million a year deep-space research program, Jet Propulsion mystifies Congressmen as well as Sunday afternoon drivers.

JPL is commonly known as a nonprofit institution, and its growth reflects the expedient manner in which such institutions have emerged to dominate government science. In 1935, the California Institute of Technology began rocket studies at the head of the lonely Arroyo Seco. Caltech's prescient academic research was soon mobil-

. . . . Wesley Marx

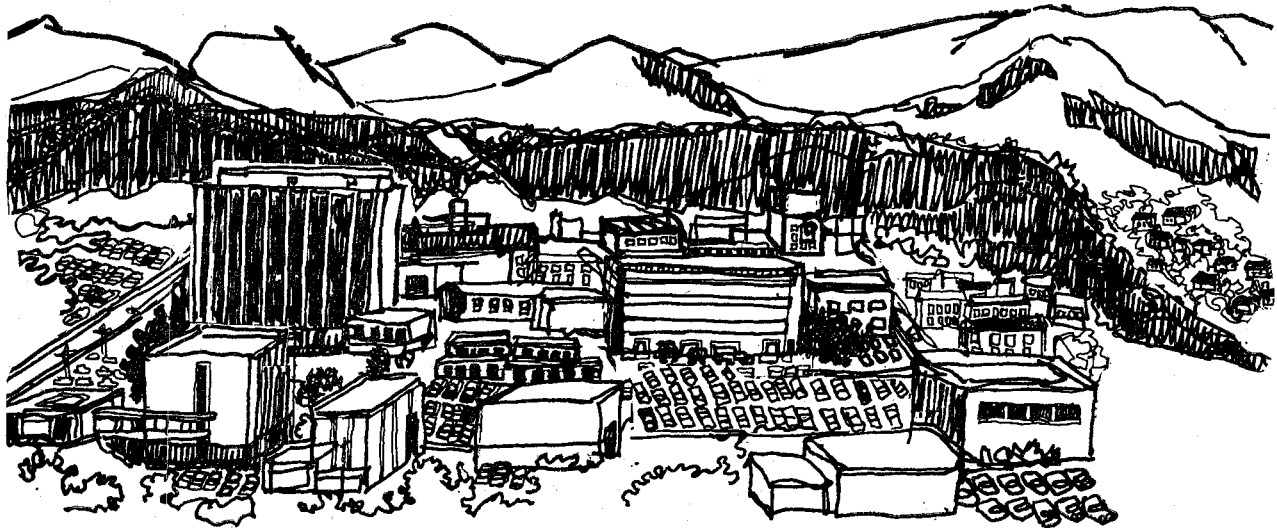
ized in the interest of national security. With the coming of the Korean War, Caltech was asked to manage its Jet Propulsion Laboratory as a center devoted to military rocket development, the Army to provide the money and the expanded facilities.

"At this time," recalls Caltech President Lee DuBridge, "the administration and board of trustees raised the question with the government as to whether it was appropriate for a university to carry on such a program, and whether the government should not take over Jet Propulsion Laboratory directly." The government evaded the question and invoked the national interest. What really makes Caltech management, and similar manage-

managing what the Congressma.
considered was NASA's own busi

and the chairman,

hearings if personality clashes



Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, Calif.

Harry Moss

pull off her clothes and was then whipped. The list is endless. The FBI has faithfully recorded it all.

Probably the nation doesn't know. It is very much like the Germans and the death camps. There they are, all around us, but we honestly don't see them. Those Americans who do know don't seem to care. Some express concern, but also a sophisticated resignation. Fresh indignation by the naive is met with a knowing smile. "Man, where have you *been*?" After all, long before and far outside the civil rights movement people have been beaten by police, in and out of jail houses, in every state of the Union. We do have what is called "due process" in the United States, but in that long gap between the moment when a friendless individual encounters an armed policeman to the moment when the normal processes of judicial procedure begin to work, the Constitution too often does not exist.

Something needs to be done, at last, about police and jail-house brutality in this country. Perhaps, to start in a moderate and respectable way, some foundation should subsidize a national investigation, supervised by a panel of distinguished jurists, political scientists and churchmen. But even before that, the President and the Attorney General should be pressed to think and to act on the problem.

We need to stop citing the delicate balance between state and nation in our federal system as an excuse for police tyranny; particularly we need to do so in the South. The truth is that we have not been observing the constitutional requirements of that balance. When the Fourteenth Amendment was passed, a hundred years ago, it made explicit what was implied by the loss of half a million lives in the Civil War—that henceforth state and local governments could not deal with their inhabitants unrestrained by national power. For a hundred years, it has been national law that state and local officials must not discriminate on the ground of color; forty years ago, the Supreme Court began (in the *Gitlow* case of 1925) to rule that, beyond race, the same restrictions on the states derive from the other guarantees of the Bill of Rights. And statutes going back to 1866 prohibit willful deprivation of a person's constitutional rights by local officials.

In other words, the legislative basis for national protection of citizens against local tyranny has existed for a century. The judicial sanction for federal intervention has been in effect for decades, and the Supreme Court has several times made very clear that the President can take any action he deems necessary to enforce the laws of the land. What has been missing—and it is a void no civil rights legislation can fill—is the blunt assertion of Executive power, by an interposition of national force between local police and individual citizens. Ever since the North-South deal of 1877 which put an end to any meaningful reconstruction, political interest, caution and the absence of any compelling necessity have combined to leave the Fourteenth Amendment unenforced by the Executive.

What is required now is the

establishment of a nation-wide system of federal defenders, specially trained, dedicated to civil rights, and armed. These special agents would have at their call civil rights attorneys, prepared to use the federal courts and the injunctive process in much bolder ways than the Justice Department has been willing to adopt thus far. They would be stationed in offices all over the South, but also in the North. With the full power of the national government behind them, they would, in many cases, be able to *persuade* local officials to behave. But they would have the authority—already granted to the FBI, but, curiously, never used in civil rights cases—to make immediate arrests when faced with violation of federal law.

Policemen, deputy sheriffs and other local officials must know that they will *immediately* be locked up



Harry Moss

May 13, 1964

in a federal penitentiary if they act against citizens in violation of federal law. *Habeas corpus* and due process will be accorded them, but they will face what thousands of innocent people have endured up to now: the burden of raising bail money, of physically getting out of jail, of waiting for slow judicial processes to take effect. The choice is bitterly clear: Either we put up with the jailing and beating of thousands of Negroes and whites who have done nothing but ask for rights asserted in our Constitution, or we put into jail—without brutality—enough local policemen and state officials to make clear what the federal system really is. It is not a matter for discussion in Congress; it is a matter for action by the President of the United States.

Federal interposition is needed at three points in the citizen-policeman confrontation: by its mere presence, to act as a preventive; on the spot at the moment of confrontation (up to now, the federal government, given advance notice of danger, has repeatedly refused to send aid);

and in the first moments after confrontation, when quick restitution might still be made of an individual's rights. That one phone call which arrested people are often permitted might be made on a "hot line" connecting every local police station with the regional federal defenders' office.

There is genuine misgiving in liberal circles about the creation of such a federal power. But that fear is a throwback to the pre-New Deal failure to recognize that the absence of central power may simply make the citizen a victim of greater local or private tyranny. The storm of economic crisis in the 1930s blew out of sight our Jeffersonian caution in regard to federal power in economic activity. The nation learned that stronger central authority does not necessarily diminish individual freedom; it is required only that such authority be specifically confined to designated fields of action.

Our next big psychological and political hurdle is the idea that it is possible—in fact, necessary—to

assert national strength on the local level for the protection of the constitutional liberties of citizens. How much more sacrifice will we require from Negroes and whites, bloodying themselves against the wall of police statism, before the nation is moved to act?



Pay or Free?

The Coming TV War Desmond Smith

A \$28 million pay television operation—Subscription TV, Inc. (STV)—has announced that it expects to be on the air in Los Angeles this July. Bigger than any other pay TV operation to date, STV has made quite clear that it is no experiment. The company has served notice to the competition that, taking giant annual steps, it expects to sign up a million and a half West Coast subscribers by 1968. Such an audience spells oblivion for the movie theatre owners of Southern California. It also brings a clammy chill to the television networks, which rate Los Angeles and San Francisco among the country's top advertising markets. What makes plans of STV especially galling to commercial television is that the company is headed by one of its own, Sylvester (Pat) Weaver, who during the 1950s was president of the National Broadcasting Company.

The theatre owners, who have

been fighting pay TV from the start, scream "unfair" at the threatened competition. Weaver dismisses this accusation as entirely typical of a breed of men he calls "popcorn vendors." While more diplomatic toward his ex-colleagues, Weaver is outspoken on the differences between commercial broadcasting and the programming to be expected from STV. "The economics of commercial TV force the lowest common denominator approach. We'll take sponsored TV's place as the glamour medium, but not as a habit-use medium. Only idiots believe that people will pay money to see that staple fare of network TV, the series: same guy, same place, same time. They're afraid we'll syphon off talent? Not that kind."

Last month, the alarmed National Association of Broadcasters, then meeting in convention in Chicago, heard Governor Leroy Collins, president of the NAB, describe that organization's plans to fight pay TV. Through radio and television the public is to be warned of what pay

TV "will do to family budgets and to family viewing habits." It will be told, said Governor Collins, that "America does not need a class system in television based on ability to pay." Collins warned the broadcasters: "Eventually pay television could actually destroy free television as we know it today." The significance of STV's plans for Los Angeles and later San Francisco is that it is to be the nation's first profit-g geared pay TV venture. A pay TV system operates in Hartford, Conn. (RKO-Zenith), but only on an experimental basis. Says Pat Weaver, "Experiments don't make money."

In the long national fight to prevent pay TV, the movie exhibitors have lost every court case. Therefore, they have changed their strategy in California. At the ballot box, say the theatre men, Californians should decide whether or not they want pay TV. Needless to say, STV considers this move dirty pool. It argues that people ought to have an opportunity to see what pay TV has to offer. If people don't like what

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The NATION

they see, says STV, they will not support it. Both Subscription TV, Inc., and the California theatre owners have hired public relations companies. Well financed "front" groups have suddenly appeared. Fighting on the side of the movie exhibitors are two such groups: The California Crusade for Free TV (with a \$1.5 million war chest) and the Citizens Committee for Free TV. Not to be outmaneuvered, the pay TV company has encouraged a group of its own — the Fair Trial for Pay TV Committee. In a remarkable drive to outlaw pay TV in California, the Crusade for Free TV has amassed more than a million signatures — enough to place the issue on the ballot in a referendum next November.

The one good certain to come from all this self-motivated activity is that the country will be forced to take a closer look at pay television. In California, the real issues have become badly blurred. There are three possible interpretations of the way that pay television may eventually emerge as a major broadcast medium. The most extreme is that pay TV will destroy commercial television, in which case the viewing public might eventually have to pay for very much the same programs it now sees free (i.e., sponsored). The most rosy view, held by Weaver and those around him, is that pay TV would give viewers a genuine

choice. By satisfying sizable minority audiences, and leaving the mass audience alone, pay TV may broaden everybody's enjoyment. The middle, and probably correct, view is that pay television will emerge in neither the black robe suggested by the opposition, nor the shining armor so winningly promised by pay television's backers.

"Save Free TV" is a meaningless phrase, say the backers of subscription television. Commercial TV will probably lose part of its huge audience, but pay TV proponents insist that their main strength will be in providing selected entertainment to a selective audience willing to pay for what it views. Thus opera buffs will be able to see and hear an uninterrupted *Manon Lescaut* in prime viewing time for the price of admission. Meanwhile *The Beverly Hillbillies* will still attract a mass audience content to let the cornflakes company pay the bill. Pay TV is resolutely opposed to advertising.

On the other side, it is by no means certain that the programming of pay TV can live up to its advance billing. While the classics from Shakespeare to Shaw have been promised, critics are quick to point out that in all the pay TV tryouts to date old movies are what have actually been delivered. *Television Magazine*, in a study conducted early last year in Hartford, showed that RKO General's pro-

graming depended heavily on feature films. During a three-month period, the pay TV channel offered 147 unduplicated programs, 105 of which were movies. Of the balance, sixteen were sporting events, fifteen educational films, and only eleven were programs offering special entertainment unique to pay TV. While pay TV's supporters declare that they are uninterested in the kind of fare now seen on commercial television, the broadcasters are not so sure. Robert W. Sarnoff, president of the National Broadcasting Co., has said: "The fact that pay TV must have hit attractions and stars is only half the answer. The other half involves their ability to draw them from one inevitable repository—free TV. Here we concede them victory. With a box office in every subscribing home, pay TV could easily outbid our advertiser-supported medium for the same programs and talent we have developed."

As evidence of what a pay TV operation may turn out to be, other critics cite STV's newspaper advertising in Los Angeles. Sports is a major item: "Dodger and Giant baseball and other popular sports." The company also advertises, "current and classic movies, Broadway plays, soloists, symphonies, ballets, modern dance . . . contemporary and classic theatre, foreign films." In addition, viewers will be taken to "museums, galleries, arenas and stadiums." Much of this, obviously, is now available. The majority of American sports, professional and amateur, are seen on "free" TV; so are operas and movies ad infinitum. As for visits to museums and art galleries, such trips have been mainstays of local programming for years. Not long ago the *Los Angeles Times* quoted a broker's tip sheet, published at the time that the public was being sold some \$20 million worth of STV stock. It stated that pay TV would "compete with commercial networks for outstanding entertainment like good first-run movies and major sporting events."

Moreover, if pay TV is successful, who would underwrite the heavy costs of news and public-affairs programs? Last year the TV networks spent more than \$70 million on such material. Little of this was recovered directly through sponsorship. Nevertheless, advertising revenue provided the funds for an expanded public-service schedule. Will



A 1955 Comment by Dowling

pay TV promoters underwrite a similar schedule? Thus far, STV has been silent on the point.

The defenders of pay TV are beginning to realize that programs, not technology, are their biggest headache. For example, David Susskind, head of Talent Associates-Paramount, Ltd., argues that pay TV promoters have wasted altogether too much time debating on whether to bill through the phone company monthly or through a slot on the set. "The thing that will really trigger the advent of pay TV is some excitement in programing. . . . Talent is everything, not only in pay television, but in publishing, in broadcasting, in accounting, law and medicine." And television has, of course, proved to be a voracious

devourer of talent—no other form of public entertainment has ever made anything like the demands on creative and interpretive energies that are called for by broadcasting. The pay system, if it catches on, will be at least as demanding.

The public will continue to be suspicious of pay TV until the leadership shows just how different its programs can be. Meanwhile, there is a regulatory gap that will have to be examined. Systems like RKO General in Hartford broadcast on a wave length as does commercial TV and are similarly subject to FCC regulation. But STV will go out on a coaxial cable and be piped to subscribers like gas and water. It remains to be determined whether or not this procedure falls under the authority of a public agency.

Meanwhile, opponents of pay TV will work to legislate it out of existence before it is properly born. They claim that it represents a peculiarly dangerous subversion of the public interest. The movie exhibitors, who fear that pay TV will take away the best movies and the fast-shrinking cinema audience (down 70 per cent in ten years) have chosen to support their one-time enemy, commercial television. "Save Free TV" is their desperate cry. The broadcasters' position has been cogently described by Leonard Goldenson, president, American Broadcasting Co.: "The proponents of pay TV have stated that it is in the American tradition to give pay TV a test. To permit such a test is equivalent to starting an epidemic to test a new vaccine."

An Afternoon with Nehru . . Elisabeth Mann Borgese

On the last day of my recent stay in India I had the privilege of being received by Mr. Nehru and his daughter Indira, at the Prime Minister's residence in Delhi.

I had been traveling through India for almost two months, fascinated by its natural beauty, the boundless treasures of its culture, the kindness and hospitality of its people; but appalled by the misery of those who work and, more so, of those who don't—and there are millions of them. I was shocked by their religious apathy toward the things of this world, spellbound by the atmosphere of animalism and magic that pervades the country beneath the broad inroads of Western culture. The emerging synthesis of Occidental and Oriental, of old and new, the displacement of ancient customs without visible break of continuity—these are what give to India its present character, its actuality, its possibility, even, of leading in the direction in which the world must go, if it is to go at all.

This, approximately, was the mood in which I stepped out of the taxi, walked along flowering morning-glories and the well-kept English lawn. The Prime Minister's residence is an English-style mansion. (Most of New Delhi, spacious,

green, beautifully laid out with its broad avenues radiating from circular plazas, betrays its indebtedness to the English.) The drawing room where I was asked to wait was simple but elegant: a large hall with a blue carpet, dark-paneled walls, a couple of comfortable sofas and a few armchairs. On the walls were four or five paintings, all quite modern, most of them abstract. The large fireplace was filled with greenery and potted plants.

I noted that much in the five minutes before I was called into the

garden, where the Prime Minister, clad in white, was sitting in the shade of a large tree. He looked relaxed, not older than his 74 years, but the recent illness had left its mark. It was noticeable that Mr. Nehru was economical with both movements and words.

In Benares, they were burning fires in black voodoo practices to induce the Prime Minister's death. Benares. What a strange combination of frolicking commerce in the teaming, colorful bazaars round the splendid temples, and of animalistic religiosity embodied in great numbers of sacred cows, grazing on temple wreaths and meandering heedlessly through the busy crowds who touch them reverently, open paths to let them pass, or kick them. A macabre note is introduced by the appearance of a funeral procession, walking smartly to the sound of drums, through bazaars and temples. The body, clad in orange, is covered by a thin orange blanket, with flowers strewn on it. The bare feet stick out and shake at the brisk pace of the procession.

We walk to the nearby bank of the Ganges and take a rowboat. Past palaces and temples, we approach an open space, sloping down to the river. This is the crematorium where privileged Hindus are burned on pyres. There are several in a row,



Prime Minister Nehru

Elisabeth Mann Borgese's most recent book is Ascent of Woman (Braziller).

facing the river. The bodies are covered with dry branches, the colors of their dresses, the shapes of their limbs, still recognizable. A man stokes the fire with a long pole and turns the bodies. After three hours, the charred remains are united with the holy water of Mother Ganges. The bodies of holymen and babies are dropped into the flood without prior burning. In fact, we meet unidentified pieces of flesh alongside our boat, and the fish and ravens are feasting.

Mr. Nehru, of course, lives in another world, far removed from the weirdness of Benares. Its voodoo practices do not touch him. Yet I am convinced it would be better for his health if they prayed for its improvement rather than tried to destroy it with black magic.

After some preliminary, conventional conversation—"When did you get to India?" "Where have you been during these two months?" "How do you like India?"—Mr. Nehru left the initiative to me, and I used it to remind him of our first encounter, fifteen years ago at the University of Chicago. It was the great era of Chicago, when its Chancellor, Robert Hutchins, headed a group of scholars who were exploring the constitutional bases of a future world state. Mr. Nehru fondly remembered Mr. Hutchins. Leading statesmen of that time, I said, dismissed the world government movement as Utopian. "You were the only one who, back in the forties, had the courage to say and to print that world government was inevitable, that it was going to be one world or none." He had a melancholy smile. "Do you feel," I asked, "that, in spite of all adversities, we are somewhat closer to a world state today than we were then?"

"In a way we are closer," Nehru said. "Certainly. Because there will be world government in the future, that is quite sure. And as sure as we are moving toward the future, we are moving toward world government. We are coming closer to it with every year that passes. But what may happen before we get there, that is another question." Nehru's face and expression seemed tired of the future, tired of faith and hope, tired of struggling.

"Have you seen K. M. Panikkar's last book, *The Foundations of Modern India*?" I asked, to change the subject. Mr. Nehru had read the



Along the Ganges: Benares

book. "Did you like it?" I asked. "It is not a question of liking or disliking it," he said, "It is very good, a very important book." I had been particularly impressed by the chapter devoted to Gandhism: the decline, or more optimistically, the transformation of Gandhism in India, where the ideal of a village-centered organization has given way to the reality of a strongly centralized giant state; the handloom has yielded to mechanization; only lip service is paid to prohibition, hunger strikes have become an object of ridicule and, most important of all, no one believes any longer in nonviolent resistance as an instrument of revolution, local or world-wide.

Strange, I noted, that, while Gandhism is thus declining in its home country, it is becoming ever more important abroad. Think of the Negro civil rights movement in the United States; of the Ban-the-Bomb movement in England, of Danilo Dolci and Aldo Capitini in Italy. There is no peace movement or freedom movement in the world today that can do without Gandhi's teachings, without Gandhi's techniques. In a way that is true, Mr. Nehru agreed. Of course that is what has happened to other great religions in the past. Mr. Nehru rose. "May I introduce my daughter Indira," he said. Mrs. Gandhi had entered the garden, a slender, sari-clad figure, with serious and ener-

getic, yet delicate and motherly, features, extremely sympathetic; simple and direct in her ways, competent and concentrated in her answers. Mrs. Gandhi is much discussed as possible successor to her father's office.

The conversation shifts for a moment to personal matters, such as the education of our children. Mrs. Gandhi has a teen-age son who, apart from wanting to become an airplane engineer, is crazy about animals. Thus she is interested in my current research in animal intelligence. Then we switch back to Mr. Panikkar's book. His analysis of the chances of communism in India is most acute, I note. And much that we had occasion to observe during our rather extended stay in the country has corroborated his conclusions. It would be extremely hard for communism to take root in India. The *forma mentis* of the Indian peasant, the Indian coolie, is remote from Marxian premises.

Calcutta. Where the beggars mutilate their bodies, and their children's, to arouse the pity of passers-by. We are ringed by about fifty children. "Hungry, Madame, very hungry, baksheesh, Madame," they call out in continuous chorus. The alley is their house; the gutter, the center of their social activity. In the gutter these people wash their clothes; we saw a mother hold her baby up to urinate in that gutter; a few steps down, another mother was washing her child's head in the same water; and, just round the corner, a man was filling his teapot from the stream. He added tea leaves, buffalo milk and sugar, and set the pot to brew over a low fire.

Among students, one can feel an unmistakable attraction toward communism, although the strictly Marxist group in the schools, according to our own experience, is much smaller than the number of those who, frustrated and embittered by what they judge to be the corruption, indolence and inefficiency of the Congress, yearn only to leave the country and try their luck elsewhere; or the number of upper-class boys who, finding everything quite O.K. as it is now (and has been for the last several thousand years), turn their backs on misery to enjoy themselves with twists and Beatles.

The European-educated intellec-

tuals, on the other hand, have absorbed socialism in its British-Fabian-democratic form, and are probably immune to its Russo-Chinese forms. Add to this that the Communist minority is misled time and again by foreign advisers whose inadequate knowledge of India induces them to draw illusory parallels between the Indian situation and, say, that of Russia or China, and thus to advocate policies certain to damage communism in the eyes of the public. Examples are the policy of subservience to England and interventionism on its side, after the Nazi invasion of Russia, at a moment when the Congress, under the overwhelmingly popular leadership of Gandhi and Nehru, stood for nonintervention; or the current policy of "Balkanizing" the subcontinent, which obviously runs counter to popular aspirations and interests.

Thus communism seems bound to remain a marginal concern—unless the situation were to be basically changed by international upheavals. The tragic question is: Can India solve its problems *without* communism? Can social democracy act fast enough in a country that totally lacks what Gunnar Myrdal calls the social-democratic "substructure"?

Kerala State. Munnar, a village in the High Range Mountains, run mostly by British tea planters, as it was run for generations before independence. There are no slums here; there are no beggars. The cattle are well fed and sleek. And all the little kids trot to school in the morning, their books under their arms; boys and girls, the planters' children like the coolies—coolie, for that matter, is a bad word here. Kerala State boasts the highest rate of literacy in India. But what happens when the young get out of school? There is a great demand for manual labor, but the educated Indian refuses to take a menial job. Even if his education has not been wholly conclusive, he is apt to print "Failed Ph.D." on his calling card, and aspire to a white-collar job. There aren't enough white-collar jobs to absorb the rising tide of the educated and literate. So what is left to them but communism? Kerala State, in fact, has had a Communist government until recently. It may well get one again.

"How do you solve this problem?"

I asked Mrs. Gandhi. "Is it not typical for a certain phase in the development of all underdeveloped countries, this disequilibrium between education and industrialization?" It is a vicious circle, where you can't have more industrialization without a higher level of education; but where, on the other hand, if you raise the level of education without being able to absorb the new educated class, you get chaos or communism.

Mrs. Gandhi agrees. A change in the traditional educational system is inevitable. More technical schools, of the kind they have in the Soviet Union, would be a step in the right direction, she suggests.

But time is up. Other visitors are waiting. We take leave of Mr. Nehru, who remains for a moment alone in the garden, in the shade of that big tree. He must hoard his forces, his hours. One's hopes go out to him — that there will be many hours, and strong enough to rekindle Nehru's faith, India's faith, in the revolutionary ideals of nonviolence and disarmament, peace and world unity. Inasmuch as Nehru's government stood for these ideals, it put itself into the vanguard of world politics. Its world prestige was unrivaled. Indian military involvements, her self-castigation for military unpreparedness, and the rising importance of generals—the possibility of a military dictatorship as heir to Nehru's regime is also much discussed — have weakened India's position in the eyes of the world.

And this new appraisal is more "realistic" than the "realism" to which Indians appeal in the face of their powerful enemy neighbors, China and Pakistan. India's independence is an illusion, as Nehru himself has said and written, unless it be conceived as a stepping stone to interdependence: interdependence in an Asian federation including China and Pakistan; interdependence, finally, in the framework of a United Nations strong enough to guarantee peace and facilitate social and economic progress. Only such a world can heal India's ills; only toward such a world can India point the way. Whether Nehru's successors will be great enough to assimilate his bequest is a question decisive for the future of India, of Asia, of the world.

The Donkeyman by Twilight

Nelson Algren

Grand Guy Grand, a multi-billionaire fantasist who hires a bow-bearing pygmy to head a national advertising agency, wears a pig mask while handing out \$500 bills to strangers, and enters a dyed Jaguar (its features camouflaged by a circus-poodle hair-do) in the Madison Square Garden Dog Show, is the hero of *The Magic Christian*, a novel by Terry Southern, published by Random House (1960).

"He had a very unusual attitude towards people — Grand spent about ten millions a year in, as he himself expressed it, 'making it hot for them,'" the author explains with an innocent air. The Jaguar promenading as a poodle also has an innocent air.

Grand buys Vanity Cosmetics, Inc., simply in order to flood the country with Downy — "the shampoo that makes your hair as soft as that of your own child." Since Downy does nothing but make hair as rigid as barbed-wire fencing, Grand is immediately sued from coast to coast. "You can't win 'em all," he philosophizes grandly, and changes the firm's name to Lady Aphrodite, Inc., in order to manufacture "Stealth. Stealth cuts body odors like a knife": its action is that of a delayed stench bomb.

After Grand has gone on safari with a howitzer, devised a car so big that traffic is tied up for hours around Columbus Circle until the monster can be derricked out, and bought up both sides of a heavyweight title fight (as well as a boxing commission), simply in order to put on the most effeminate title contest ever held, one begins to realize that Grand's expression about "making it hot for people" has only to be changed to "making it hot for certain people" to make it the author's own.

Southern has been making it hot for certain people for some time, in magazine articles as well as the three novels and short stories. His reportage, published in a dozen places including *Harper's Bazaar* and *Nugget*, *The Paris Review* and *The Realist*, ranges from a \$100-a-day loony bin in a fifteenth-century Swiss chateau, to the Cuban invasion. In "How I Signed up at \$250.00 a Month for The Big Parade Through Havana and Wound

Up in Guatemala with the CIA," Southern employed a tape recorder to report a hipster-mercenary's version of the Bay of Pigs:

The money was the thing that interested me — I mean we'd had four bad days at the track and I had no money. Well, they were offering two-fifty a month and . . . yeah, a trip to Guatemala. I mean the picture they were painting had battleships in it, Dad — you know, rockets against pitchforks. How could we lose? Cuba versus America — are you kidding? . . . Well, man it was one of those things. They wanted to do it without really doing it, you know, like a broad . . . yeah, we get back to Miami. Very sad scene at the recruiting place because they've got lists of guys that got wiped. . . .

When Southern's target is something worse than political insanity, he switches tone. He writes with incisive perception on the execution of Caryl Chessman:

An act of cynicism, because it is immoral rather than amoral, still carries the seeds of its own salvation; no matter how despicable it is still the act of a man. The execution of Chessman, however, was an act of insect-mentality, carried out in a moral vacuum; it lacked even the medieval dignity of vengeance or the sick strength of sadism; in terms of cultural tragedy, it felt like the last twist of the knife.

To kill in passion, whether through rage, fear or madness, is still in the realm of human affairs; but to kill in sheer indifference, as though there were nothing better to do — as though, after eleven years of torment there were still nothing better or worse to do to a man beyond to idly kill him — this is beyond the pale. What we must think about now is: where do we go from here? (*The Nation*)

To catch the truly murderous air of a mental hospital, he uses the tape recorder again in "Terry Southern Interviews a Faggot Male Nurse." The nurse comments on his colleagues:

"Well, I'll tell you this much, it isn't because they like people they're here. . . . Well, you've got no idea what goes on in some of these wards. They just sit around wait-

ing for someone to blow his stack so they can slam him!"

"Slam him?"

"That's what they call it — *slammin'*! Somebody blows his stack and they yell, 'Slam him, Joe! Slam that nut!' What it really means is that you put him in the *slammer*, like you know, in a padded cell, and *slam* the door — but it means the subduing part too."

"And how do they do that?"

"How? Are you kidding? Any way they feel like. With their fists, if they can. The tough ones are proud of their reputation for never using the sap — you know, the leather thing . . . the blackjack. Or they may say 'Big Joe had to use the sap.' Which means that it was a really bad case if Big Joe had to use the sap. But of course a real nut is about as strong as four ordinary people." (*The Realist*)

And sometimes Southern is just wild, as in an interview with Mickey Spillane when Spillane was playing the film role of his own hero, Mike Hammer.

"Does it not follow," Southern inquires after watching Spillane enact one of his own love scenes, "that our literary chaps, with their voraciously inquiring minds, their insatiate quest to get to the bottom of things, will start writing in outlandishly heroic sex scenes, with an aim to ultimate personal realization? It must be remembered that your writer is notoriously more virile, more sexually interesting, and unscrupulous than your effete or coldly professional actor. Also better looking. This is known fact. We may anticipate some almost incredible developments on the shooting set. An irate and astonished director shouting 'Cut! Cut!' is apt to have precious little effect on chaps like Mailer and Kerouac once they are swinging." (*Esquire*)

Without a tape recorder this time, Southern reports on baton-twirling at Ole Miss (he arrived there the day after Faulkner's death), catching the clamor of a campus where idiocy parades about as idiocy dictates, twirling a baton. Here all windows have been sealed against reality and we find ourselves in a hothouse where every wind of thought is immediately asphyxiated. But, basically, Southern's

Nelson Algren is the author most recently of *Who Lost an American?* (Macmillan).

stance toward the contemporary American scene seems to be one of ironic affiliation rather than hysterical alienation. His intimacy with that scene conveys a sense of pad-footed evil, particularly when he is being most absurd. He brings this off nicely in his little takeoff on the Barbie Doll, "Scandal of the Dumpling Shop," wherein a Westchester ladies' club is incensed by the marketing of the Little Cathy Curse Doll — Complete with Teeny Tampons. (*The Realist*)

That piece was not the first time Southern has launched his assault on the economic or political phenomenon via the sexual. His fantasy, "The Moon-Shot Scandal," tells how The Cutie-Pie II, manned by five astronauts, careens in space to miss the moon by 200,000 miles — a national disaster later explained by an unexpected exchange over the tracking station inter-com, "as clear as a bell on a winter's morn":

Lt. Hanson: "Will you stop it! Just stop it!"

Maj. Doll: "Stop what? I was only calibrating my altimeter — for heaven's sake, Freddie!"

Lt. Hanson: "I'm not talking about that and you know it! I'm talking about your infernal camping! Now just stop it! Right now!" (*The Realist*)

Southern's approach to American society is defined inadvertently but clearly in his comments on William Burroughs:

The element of humor in *Naked Lunch* is one of the book's great moral strengths, whereby the existentialist sense of the *absurd* is taken towards an informal conclusion. It is an absolutely devastating ridicule of all that is false, primitive and vicious in current American life; the abuses of power, hero-worship, aimless violence, materialistic obsession, intolerance and every form of hypocrisy. No one, for example, has written with such eloquent disgust about capital punishment; throughout *Naked Lunch* recur sequences to portray the unfathomable barbarity of a "civilisation" which can countenance this ritual. There is, of course, only one way to ridicule capital punishment — and that is by exaggerating its circumstances, increasing its horror, accentuating the animal irresponsibility of those involved, *insisting* that the monstrous deed be witnessed (and in technicolor, so to speak) by all concerned.

Here we begin to see why Southern wears the jester's patches: there is an iron morality at work that cannot be content unless he is "making it hot

for them." In one of the best American short stories of the past twenty-five years, "Red-Dirt Marijuana," he becomes more explicit. The white boy, Harold, watching C.K., the old Negro hired hand, seeding a fruit jar with gage, asks, "How come it's against the law if it's so all-fired good?"

"I tell you what it is," C.K. assures the boy, "it's 'cause a man see too much when he git high, tha's what. He see right through ever'thing. . . . I tell you they's a lotta trickin' an' lyin' go on in the world. Well, a man git high, he see right through all them tricks an' lies. He see right through into the truth of it. . . . Sho, they got to have it against the law. Shoot, ever'body git high, wouldn't be nobody to git up an' feed the chickens! Ever'body jest lay in bed! Jest lay in bed till they ready to git up! Sho, you take a man high on good gage, he got no use for they ole bull-crap, 'cause he done see right through there." (*Evergreen Review*)

Southern doesn't require red-dirt gage to see through the cult of bigness that American publishers have found so addictive:

The bloated format of our novels is most usually a panicked attempt to bolster the otherwise rather shaky impression that anything worth saying is being said; like the meandering speech of a man who must talk about anything under the sun except the crime itself. It has also to do with the basic *merchandising* problem of the publishing business; "the industry is geared," as they say, "to handle a four-dollar product," so the novelist is pressured into conforming to a wholly superficial format."

For readers interested in the work of Herbert Gold, William Goyen, Henry Miller, Wright Morris, James Purdy and William Styron, this article — "New Trends and Old Hats" (*The Nation*) — is indispensable.

Southern's true kingdom, however, is neither contemporary criticism nor that hilariously mocking world of Guy Grand playing donkeyman. The world he creates most hauntingly is that of the nocturnal dreamers with whom our literature began: he is closer to Nathaniel Hawthorne than to Nathanael West. This is a world rooted in American earth, yet lit by noon or twilight; a land never before seen, a place where wild dogs never bark but race, heads low, down a midnight road; or where a plague of green roaches slowly settles and descends upon rows of human faces strangely drowsing. Southern finds the

settings, for which Poe had to go to Ulalume in seasons that never were, on the BMT. Or at an excavation site in the Bronx:

In the fall afternoon now, the sunlight filtered down across the lot as though it were being strained through black gauze, making the rust-brick building that formed the west wall of the lot loom up shadowed and dark, the color of bad blood. Near the ground, scrawled across this wall in already graying white, was the single word: PANTHERS: ("You Got To Leave Your Mark": *Harper's Bazaar*)

In his short story, "The Sun and the Still-Born Stars" (*Paris Review*, Autumn, 1955), Sid and Sarah Peckham return, from a 15c movie in a town called Fly, to their shack on the burning dunes of the Corpus Christi coast: to waken hearing a rustling in their melon patch.

"What was that noise, Sid?"

"It's somethin' in the patch." For a moment he stood motionless in the doorway.

"It was a hog," he said then, "a sea-hog. I druv it back into the water."

The creature returns every night, at the sun's setting. And, as Sarah has watched Sid's face in the darkness of the movie in order to understand the film, now she watches it again as he turns his face to the sea. And watches still when he begins whittling a hoe-handle into a spear:

But then she was there, on the crest of the highest dune, where she dropped to her knees at the sight of the endless sea stretched shorewise in an explosion of light. And below, deep in the burning surf, Sid Peckman fought for his life. To Sarah the battle seemed like a poised weight, and she sprang up from the dune and rushed down to the sea. . . . Sarah stood in the surf seeing only where the water broke silver and red around the upright spear. And she was alone. . . .

She crossed the patch and was into the field before she could remember and touch the pocket of her thin dress. There were two coins there: a nickel and a quarter. She stiffened a little and stood still, holding the coins in her hand. A small cloud passed under the moon and was gone. The road to Fly was clear. And as she moved to the point beyond, where the road met the field, she knew it was alright too, the man who sold the tickets would give her the change himself.

"I had always done a lot of writing in a sort of outhouse Penrod and Sam way," Southern explains of him-

self, "mainly rewriting Poe's 'The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym,' then reading it to myself, and occasionally showing it to a friend, who would drawl in pure disgust, 'Goddamn, you must be crazy.' My first published story was 'The Automatic Gate' (*New Story*, edited by David Burnett, 1948) about a zealous Old Frenchy who looks after one of the *portillon automatiques* in the Paris Metro, and who, to thwart a speedy young man who is in the habit of forcing his way through the closing gate at the last second, sets the pressure so high that . . . of course he nails the wrong party."

All of Southern's novels — *The Magic Christian*, *Flash and Filigree* (Coward-McCann, 1958), and his present, co-authored *Candy* (Putnam) — were rejected by American publishers and had to be brought out abroad first. His work has been evaded here by critics too obsequious to damn and too chinchy to praise; too dull to catch his mockery or too timorous to touch the anger beneath it. People don't want even a President to make it hot for them; far less a small-town boy from a Texas whistle stop.

It took a movie producer (Stanley Kubrick) to demonstrate some nerve and have Southern write the scenario for *Dr. Strangelove*, thereby bringing out a talent who is surely now the most useful writer in this country. But as it was necessary for Brendan Behan to appear drunk on TV, so will it now be necessary for Southern to get banned in all the right places to bring the whole bicycling throng of cocktail party taste-makers pedaling like mad.

And, having made it hot for the brass who, but recently, were assuring us that happiness consisted of owning a bomb shelter; and having burlesqued the enraptured Puritans who would have it that happiness means putting down sex, Southern will now — with *Candy* — have to contend with those who demand that Fagin be presented as a cockney. Ever since Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* raised protests that sharp business practice should not be attacked if the practitioner happened to be a Jew, we have heard from every section of the urban bourgeoisie — Negro, Polish, Irish and Italian—demanding censorship whenever its tab came due. The marvelously relevant, funny and true portrait of Dr. Irving Krankheit (né Irving Semite), author of *Masturbation Now!*, who fascinates Candy by practicing Chinese pin-therapy on her beauteous

Aunt Livia's buttocks, is sure to cause anguished cries or simply a blackout of rational judgment from some of our critics whose professional equipment can be enfolded into that pertinent ditty *The Whole World Looks Jewish When You're in Love*. (The section on Dr. Krankheit is the work of co-author Mason Hoffenberg, who happens to be Jewish; but that is beside the point.)

And *Publishers' Weekly* is already crying "sick sex." But sex in this country has been sick for so long, has been a wasting affliction instead of a joyous fulfillment for so long, that by restoring the comedy of it, Southern has done something we should be grateful for. Nothing in the human adventure has been so comical as the diversification of the sexes: one can only conclude that the warning issued above indicates that the diversification has not yet been completed at PW: that's where the trouble usually starts.

Candy is simply a honey-haired girl-child with a marvelous aptitude for wriggling out of her panties in noble causes. When the cause happens to be a humpback, what could be more noble than to give herself to his hump?

"One who is not master of his feelings is not master of his house — he is a reed tossed on the waves of

chance," Candy is instructed by Grindle, The Great Guru of a Minnesota mineshaft. "Tell me, how does it feel now?"

"O, it's all tingling and everything," Candy admits despairingly.

"Do not allow vulgar sexual or material associations to bear upon the matter. Regard how I have willed my member: no base or material desire is connected with it, yet it resembles the so-called sexual erection, does it not? . . . now I am going to put this member into you, and in that way the sensation of the so-called sexual act can be surveyed to advantage."

"O gosh," Candy concedes. "Do we really have to?"

Candy is a girl who can't say No to men who need her; and from Greenwich Village to Tibet, they all do.

Like Alice ducking down the rabbit-hole, Candy never pauses to wonder how she's going to get out again. Like Alice, she fits herself into any circumstances and then wishes "it would stop happening." Her search for the father through a setting as changeful as Alice's is really a journey through the country of America's sexual myths. Before it is concluded, I'm afraid, Henry Miller will be startled to find *Tropic of Cancer* in the same

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RICHARD ROVERE

OBSTACLE COURSE ON CAPITOL HILL

By **Robert Bendiner,**

author of *White House Fever*
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league as *The Good Earth*. After *Candy*, sex in America is never going to be quite the same.

"The appeal of a book like *Candy*," Southern writes, "is to be understood in terms of the entertainment field as a whole — TV, films, books — written with the same feeling as was *Dr. Strangelove* that the novel, like the film, is undergoing a categorical change. *Strangelove* is an example of how different American films are becoming from what they used to be."

Well, something had to be done about people transfixed on *What's My Line?* by the wild wonder of Bennett Cerf asking the Mystery Guest, "Have you been in a B roadway Pwroduction wecently?"

The success of *Strangelove* also indicates a reversal in the traditional relationship of writer and producer

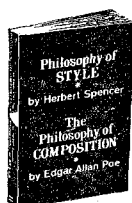
here. It has always been our best writers who have given the lead to producers eager to make movies that had meaning. And in *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Oxbow Incident*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Lost Weekend*, *An American Tragedy* and *From Here to Eternity*, to name but a few, they succeeded. Now it begins to appear that as films take over the technique of the novel, the novelist is going to be in trouble.

"Theoretically," Southern writes (*The Nation*), "it is not possible for a book to compete, aesthetically, psychologically, or in any other way, with a film. . . . Film, by its very nature, more closely approximates first-hand experience than does print. And there the advantage only begins . . . it is inexcusable, in terms of art, to write a novel which could, or in fact should, have been a film. This ought to be a first principle of creative literature

and of its critical evaluation; without it the novel, in the present circumstances, has only a secondary function as art."

Southern is the only contemporary American novelist, among our very best novelists, who is not dependent upon a single well — and a single bucket — for his sources. The classic example of this limitation is, of course, Farrell; still lowering the same bucket, he is still coming up with Studs Lonigan. Saul Bellow keeps bringing up Herzog. Mailer had *World War II* — do we have to have a Third World War to get another good novel from him? Styron's almost flawless classic, *Lie Down in Darkness*, was followed by a work of Literature with a capital "L." Southern's personal flexibility, like Lincoln Steffens', yields him an infinity of wells and various buckets.

He will continue making it hot for them.



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ART

BRAQUE IN AMERICA

This past month's multiple-gallery retrospective of Braque in America collections inadvertently answers more questions than it means to raise, revealing the shortcomings of an Apollonian who was a greater painter than artist.

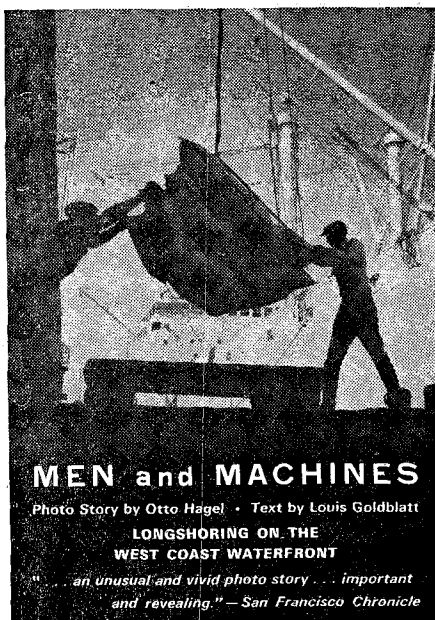
John Richardson, who organized the exhibition and prepared the catalogue, has written extensively and well elsewhere on Braque, but he undoubtedly was handicapped on this occasion by factors beyond his control. First among these is the specter of Picasso, which is the more intrusive because of the brilliant Picasso exhibition held two years ago under the same auspices as here, and directed also by Mr. Richardson. A second handicap was Braque's death last August, which perhaps deprived us of such fascinating and important details of background fact as were supplied by Picasso himself for his 1962 American tribute. Unlike the important retrospectives in London in 1956, and in Munich this past fall, both organized by Douglas Cooper, this most recent exhibition seems not designed to be primarily scholarly. A further limitation may

have been the fact that much of Braque's finest work is in European collections.

At the Saitenberg Gallery, where the exhibition chronologically begins, were gathered in one small room the Braques from 1903 to 1914—probably the most superb group of twentieth-century, old master paintings that has been seen for many months in a New York gallery. Braque was a major *fauve*, and the flat saturated richness of his color, if never astonishing, is still freshly and often strongly enjoyable. After he met Picasso, in late 1907, his painting and the history of art were irrevocably changed, and the heroic dialectic of Picasso-Braque lasted until the First World War. To see Braque's half of this symbiotic process of continual creation is to experience one of the high points of lyrical purity in Western painting. It is the one period in Braque's career when he can undergo comparison to Picasso and emerge unscathed. He never surpasses Picasso but he rarely fails to achieve a sensuously ordered distillation of Picasso's tense violence of creation.

Braque's role in the invention of collage is highly revealing. It was Picasso who first conceived the revolutionary idea of collage per se, assem-

Max Kozloff is on a brief leave of absence. Edward F. Fry, a member of the Art and Archaeology faculty at Princeton University, is completing a book on the archives of Cubism.



MEN and MACHINES

Photo Story by Otto Hagel • Text by Louis Goldblatt

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bling diverse objects from the non-artistic world and making of them a painting. Four months later, in September, 1912, Braque responded to this radical invention by using pieces of colored paper to make the first *papiers collés*, and soon afterward he began such decorative techniques as using a comb to create flat, wavy patterns in wet paint. Picasso characteristically responded by immediately taking up the new ideas and exploiting them, pushing them to their limits and beyond, through inversions and transformations of the new formal means. Braque, however, maintained and developed his original approach to *papier collé*, gradually enriching its decorative and textural possibilities. In so doing he created some of the masterpieces of the century and achieved in this period what are probably his greatest works.

We are given an almost unique if inconclusive insight into Braque's relationship to Picasso in one *gouache* at Saidenberg's, dating from 1913. On the back of it is a drawing by Braque after a Picasso painting of 1910. The drawing is not an exact copy of Picasso's original, and curiously enough Braque prominently signed his name to it. Unless he did his free copy in 1910, and three years later used the opposite side for his *gouache*, which seems unlikely, it would appear to be a *blague* on Braque's part. But when did Picasso ever, even jokingly, copy Braque in such a fashion? We are indebted to Mr. Richardson for the discovery of this unusual document.

In 1914, Braque and Picasso were separated by the war, although they had already begun to move apart both artistically and personally. When Braque returned to painting in 1917, after a severe combat head wound (and even temporary blindness), it was only by what must have been an almost superhuman effort that he regained the thread of his immediately pre-1914 Cubism. After little more than a year and a small number of works, only some of which reach his prewar level, Braque seems slowly to let go of the Cubist style. He allows it to soften in interior structure, the forms and spatial tensions slackening into a kind of flat, decorative post- or pseudo-Cubism. Looking at these works of the 1920s, exhibited at the Perls Galleries, one cannot help being aware that in the same period Picasso was switching with a staggering brilliance between his masterpieces of late synthetic Cubism and his "classical" style,

ranging over a variety of subject matter and emotional states. Braque during this period was executing a series of still lifes in predominantly earth colors, often in rich impasto, but largely devoid of any compelling intellectual substructure. Its absence makes embarrassingly clear also — especially in the occasional figure study, but in the still lifes as well — that Braque is not a great draughtsman. His art during the 1920s fairly rapidly becomes realigned with deeper inclinations that were all but invisible during the years of Cubism and his closeness to Picasso. The basically coloristic, undraughtsmanly talent of his *fauves* years re-emerges, now bearing the indelible mark of the intervening Cubist experience. Braque maintains this orientation more or less consistently for the rest of his life. How characteristic and ironic it is that he mixed sand with his paint from the early twenties onward for its textural, decorative qualities — a technique that Picasso and he first adopted in 1912 and 1913 as an attempt, like collage, to break away from the traditional means of painting.

Thus begins that steady production of "Braques" that continues

into the 1930s (at Paul Rosenberg and Co.) and even the 1940s. One is rarely disappointed by these supremely competent works, each slowly and fully brought to a quietly splendid ripeness of color and gentle structure. Is it so surprising, then, to find Braque painting in 1937 a *Woman with Mandolin* (a Cubist subject) and using a simplified version of Picasso's double-silhouetted figures? In 1937, Picasso created *Guernica*. Such a cataclysmic response, as an artist, to the larger realities of his time is beyond the limits of Braque's art and temperament. On the few occasions during the 1930s, when Braque attempts to follow Picasso and tries to do his own expressively reshuffled surrealist heads, the results are curiously inert and remain merely Picassoid. A cliché in Braque criticism is that he is a latter-day representative of that French tradition of contemplative, bourgeois painting which goes back to its roots in Le Nain and Chardin. Such a bracketing does injustice to Braque's gifts as a colorist and to his historic part in the birth of Cubism, but in his attitude to subject matter there remains at least an element of truth in it.

Braque's painting in his last years (at Knoedler's) during the 1940s and

THE TRAGEDY of VIETNAM

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by HELEN B. LAMB

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1950s reaches a kind of apotheosis, and even surpasses itself in his 1949-1956 "Ateliers" series. In this sequence of nine works, one of which is shown here, Braque almost miraculously transcended all the seeming limitations of his post-Cubist style; the limitations become finally assets. The "Ateliers" are Braque's most richly structured works since Cubism, both in color and in spatial conception, and they, along with his Cubist paintings and collages, are probably his finest accomplishment as an artist. His sculptures, incidentally, are not. Almost

without exception they do not exist in three dimensions, asking only that we look at them as silhouettes.

Despite his historic role in Cubism, Braque was more a colorist than a draughtsman or creator of spatial structures. As a colorist he does not attain Matisse's extreme purity and inventive freedom, and as a painter he is too disciplined and intellectually self-conscious to achieve the civilized hedonism of Bonnard. Yet his natural inclinations are not so far from either as one at first might think.

EDWARD F. FRY

RECORDS

BRAHMS: Double Concerto, Op. 102. Pablo Casals, cello; Jacques Thibaud, violin; Alfred Cortot, cond. (with Mendelssohn: Piano Trio No. 1). Angel COLH 75.

MOZART: Violin Concerto No. 4, K218. Bruch: Violin Concerto in G minor, Op. 26; Scottish Fantasy, Op. 46. Vieuxtemps: Violin Concerto No. 5, Op. 37. Jascha Heifetz, violin. New Symphony, Malcolm Sargent, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2652; LM/LSC 2603.

MOZART: Violin Concertos Nos. 1 and 5, K. 207 and 219. Isaac Stern, violin. Columbia Symphony, George Szell, cond.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas: "Moonlight" (Op. 27, No. 2); "Les Adieux" (Op. 81a); "Pathétique" (Op. 13). Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2654.

MOZART: Piano Concertos Nos. 17 and 20, K. 453 and 466. Rubinstein, piano. Alfred Wallenstein, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2636 and 2635.

MOZART: Piano Concertos Nos. 19 and 20, K. 459 and 466. Rudolf Serkin, piano; Columbia Symphony,

Szell, cond. Columbia ML 5934/MS 6534.

CHOPIN: Three Etudes and Scherzo No. 1. Debussy: Three Préludes. Beethoven: "Pathétique" Sonata. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Columbia ML 5941/MS 6541.

RUBINSTEIN - HEIFETZ - FEUER-MANN: Trios (Beethoven, Op. 97; Brahms, Op. 8; Schubert, Op. 99). RCA Victor LM 7025.

THE HEIFETZ-PIATIGORSKY CONCERTS (Mozart: Quintet in G minor, K. 516; Mendelssohn: Octet in Eb, Op. 20; Schubert: Quintet in C, Op. 161; Franck: Piano Quintet) RCA Victor LD 6159.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concertos Nos. 3, 4, and 5. Artur Schnabel, piano. Philharmonia Orchestra, Alceo Galliera, Issay Dobrowen, conds. Angel COLH 3, 4, 5.

LISZT: Six Paganini Etudes; *Années de Pélerinage*; Three Petrarch Sonnets; *Tarantella*. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vox PL 10.800.

SCHUMANN: *Davidsbündlertänze*, Op. 6; *Carnaval*, Op. 9. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3869/BC 1269.

Whatever one's attitude toward the era of traditional virtuosity from a purely musical point of view, it produced some extraordinary playing of a kind that seems to be disappearing with the currently oldest generation of performers. What these players attempted was the realization of an ideal instrumental sound, reproduced steadily and effortlessly under all conditions of musical context and mechanical demand. Music was secondary, a medium through which to pro-

ject the instrumental image rather than the other way around. This is particularly evident when such a strongly self-contained work as the Brahms Double Concerto is involved; Casals' performance (recorded in 1929) is a fascinating demonstration of the authority with which his nasal, almost vocal sound penetrates every phrase and detaches it from its surroundings like a solid object illuminated in relief against a neutral background, here supplied by Cortot. Thi-

baud's violin is also dominated by Casals' pervasive resonance, especially in the octave passages in the slow movement, where the violin seems to have become an upper registration of the cello, and forms with it a new single-instrument sonority rather than that of an ensemble.

Heifetz's playing is so intensely concentrated on violinism that it doesn't even concern itself with phrases to any degree. His handling of the Mozart Concerto reveals an impressive analytical precision in determining exactly which of his inexhaustible violinistic skills and manners will be best displayed by any given section. Mozart, however, offers little scope for such objectives compared with Bruch and Vieuxtemps, who really sound far more fulfilled and fulfilling in these performances. Isaac Stern, on the other hand, simply rushes at Mozart with his sound wide open, his dynamic contrasts popping, and an air of great suspense and anticipation generated by his purely inspirational approach to such matters as phrasing and pitch placement.

Among pianists, Rubinstein's playing is supremely elegant, balanced and modulated, and inflected in minute degrees, so that the listener's attention is held at every moment by the sensation of constant subtle change. In his performances, Beethoven's *Les Adieux* is a succession of beautifully molded phrases, and even the opening chords of the *Pathétique* are attacked so elliptically that the accentual peak seems to have passed before the sound begins. The Mozart Concertos, too, emerge as collections of passages whose notes are built into mounds of fluctuating sonorous swells from single-note sparseness to a "big" sound that is almost organlike in the smoothness of its attack.

In contrast, Serkin's approach to the Mozart D minor Concerto is primarily linear, pursuing a single directional shape from beginning to end with a careful and purposeful deliberation that seems rather ponderously imposed on Mozart's more subtly ramified and inflected development. And Horowitz's performance of the *Pathétique* is the exact virtuosic counterbalance of Rubinstein's, with Horowitz's characteristic rhythmic ricochet, his sharp and clear attacks, and sense of highly contrasted events succeeding one another instantaneously without ever blurring or straining either his digital resources or the piano's mechanical capacities. These qualities are given rather better scope

elsewhere, however, especially in the Debussy *Les Fées sont d'exquises danseuses*, where one gets a wonderful sense of the ticking off of each note in the fastest figural passages, and different kinds of articulation are simultaneously projected as though from different sound sources. Ultimately, here as elsewhere, the result misses connection with the overall sense of the note successions, which seem more exhibited than played. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Chopin B minor Scherzo, the most sustained work on the record, is the least successful, particularly in comparison with Rubinstein's judiciously shaped and phrased performances (such as on RCA Victor LM/LSC 2368).

Chamber music performances by groups of stellar virtuosos have always been natural box-office attractions but they have more often than not turned out to be unsatisfactory from everyone's point of view, since the distinctive individual instrumental "signatures" tend to conflict and cancel one another out. Thus the most evident characteristic of the Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann set (reissued from the prewar "million-dollar trio" recordings) is the total failure to produce a Beethoven sonority, a Schubert sonority, or a Brahms sonority; what emerges instead are the Rubinstein, Heifetz and Feuermann sonorities in alternation and combination. And since they seem to have made no attempt even to phrase or articulate according to some unitary or communal conception, one hears three players traveling in the same general direction, but not really together.

The recent (1961) Heifetz-Piatigorsky concerts represent a further deterioration of this approach. The ensemble playing is almost shockingly perfunctory and neutral, achieving only a resistless fluidity in which everything falls into place, but not necessarily its place in the design of the work.

Schnabel was the anti-virtuoso of his time; instead of the beautiful or spectacular moment-to-moment playing of Rubinstein or Horowitz, or the one-dimensional linearity of Serkin, Schnabel's performances reveal an awareness of the work as a totality, to which every action is a significant defining element. This sense of overall shape, of a total articulation rather than a local drive or sensibility, is so firmly maintained that Schnabel's performances seem fundamentally accurate even though all kinds of details

are slurred, as they were all through his career in mechanically complex passages. These Beethoven Concerto recordings, made at the end of his career in the mid-forties, are not the most impressive or representative examples of Schnabel's playing; by this time, the note disasters were so prevalent as to impinge on his ability to articulate his ideas—the opening of the last movement of the *Emperor* is a painful case in point. But although none of the performances stands up to the series made with Malcolm Sargent in the thirties, Schnabel's projection of the different formal relation between orchestra and piano in each of the three movements of the Fourth Concerto (in the first, the orchestra has the principal role and the expository material to the piano's accompanimental figurations; in the second, they have sharply differentiated material side by side; and in the last, they share the foreground role, even interrupting and completing one another's phrases), and especially his absorbing ideas about the phrasing and tempo of the second movement, communicate remarkable insights into the work's essential structure.

The specialized discipline of old-time virtuosos, and the extraordinary resources of instrumental resonance, dynamic nuance, and control that their peculiar objectives evoked, are almost nowhere to be found among their successors in the younger generation. For those who aspire to popular virtuosic glamour have found it more fruitful to indulge in pure theatre, creating excitement by driving everything to extremes of density and contrast, creating tension by constantly verging on uncontrollability, and generating a shrill brilliance in the resultant sonority.

Others have preferred to follow the line of Schnabel (or, perhaps, even more Rachmaninoff, who did possess all the consummate virtuosic capacities that Schnabel missed). In their playing, instrumental properties are treated as means to realize compositional ideas, and hence it is the work rather than the instrument whose sound one identifies. Of the younger performers regularly involved in the conventional concert context, Brendel and Rosen are particularly distinguished, for both their musical intelligence and prodigious pianistic capabilities. Brendel's Liszt playing is a spectacular demonstration of his capacity to produce endless streams of figural notes with absolute even-

ness and distinctness, so that they never obtrude into the foreground, and permit the clear definition of the underlying rhythm on its largest as well as all its intermediate levels. In Charles Rosen's performances, on the other hand, no two notes are played identically; each seems to have been individually molded in terms of its hierarchical relation to all the other elements in the relational structure. The result is music-making of a wonderful articulateness and intelligence, as close to a transparent external image of the inside of the music as one could wish for or imagine.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

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FILMS

THE ORGANIZER THE NIGHT WATCH

A new picture from Italy, *The Organizer*, re-creates the birth of the union movement in a vast and inhuman Turin textile mill at the turn of the century. It is a great subject for a picture—as though someone here were to make a movie on the Mollie Maguires or on New York's sweatshops before the Triangle Shirtwaist fire. Marcello Mastroianni is the organizer of the title, an unfrocked professor hounded by the police, a timid, hungry, disheveled man, but a zealot with a streak of ruthlessness and a gift of oratory capable of converting the working sheep, at least for moments, into men and women resolved to grasp justice with their bare hands.

It was indeed a fine idea and I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the results, but the picture is hobbled by stereotypes—from the old fiend of an owner who charges about in a wheel chair, screaming insults and lashing out with his cane, to the noble youth, only support of his mother and younger brother, who dies when the terrified militia fires on the advancing mob. The main setting—the nineteenth-century mill, a purgatory of steam and overhead wheels driving the looms by a labyrinth of belts—is a wonderfully evocative reconstruction of the savagery in which the industrial revolution was born. The cast is robust; it *looks* interesting; but the better one gets to know the characters, the wearier clichés they become. There is a peppery little Corsican, too proud to admit he is starving; there is the great ox, jolly as a dumpling, but terrible in anger; there is the local gallant, always pinching the girls, ever cynical as to the future, but with the staunchest heart of all; there is the Amazonian female, a tower of dignity, but powerless in the face of calculated flirtation.

Even Mastroianni's part, it seems to me, is not worth the actor's keenness he brings to it. *The Organizer* takes him at last out of the *Dolce Vita* rut, and that is a gain; but the figure of the timid, ineffectual intellectual fired by a dream, the lion-hearted crusader groping in the dust for his spectacles, has been with us a long time. Mastroianni lends it a great deal of verisimilitude; he cannot entirely hide the puppet strings.

The picture gives me the impression that Mario Monicelli, who directed it and collaborated on its script, has excellent abstract convictions about social justice and the dignity of the toiling class, but little knowledge of or sympathy with the men and women who make up that class. It is a bookish sort of picture, remote as well as historical.

The last film directed by the late Jacques Becker is *The Night Watch* (in French, *Le Trou*, *The Burrow*), made in 1960. It is a story of persistent, resourceful men working together to a common purpose so urgent that it becomes not only the end but almost the hero of the picture. That purpose is to break out of La Sureté prison in Paris, and the hypnotic fascination in watching how the men go about it is explained at least in part by the fact that the picture is based on a real break from that prison and that Becker engaged members of the conspiracy as technical advisers and used one of them, Jean Keraudy, as a leading actor.

The Night Watch is physically a beautiful picture. Prisons are among the more photogenic settings: the cold, shadowless light, the elegant compositions provided by long horizontal corridors and sharp vertical bars, the crisp clangor of a metallic world, the stripped milieu in which a tin cup or a backless chair takes on the aura of craft. You have only to photograph this world of caged men responsibly, resisting the countless opportunities to be arty, and art will result.

The reviewer must also resist the temptation to be arty. The men in the escape plot are vividly drawn, witty and quick-witted; they prickly with individuality yet are tuned together to the task, and they carry out their intricate maneuvers with that patient dexterity of excellent artisans that always enchants the clumsy onlooker. It would be easy to extract from the clarity and vigor of the movie a tribute to cinema aesthetics, with references perhaps to man's fate and the meaning of virtue. It would be a shame, though, to load fancy extrapolations onto one of the best prison thrillers ever made, a picture of bite and humor and the electricity of men

pressed together under extreme tension. I expect that a good deal of such posturing will be stimulated by *The Night Watch*—in part because Becker himself fell a little into the style of it. He dresses the climax of his picture in a psychological mystification that fogs the otherwise almost clinical elegance of his production. But that is only a dash of pretension in a whole evening of high adventure.

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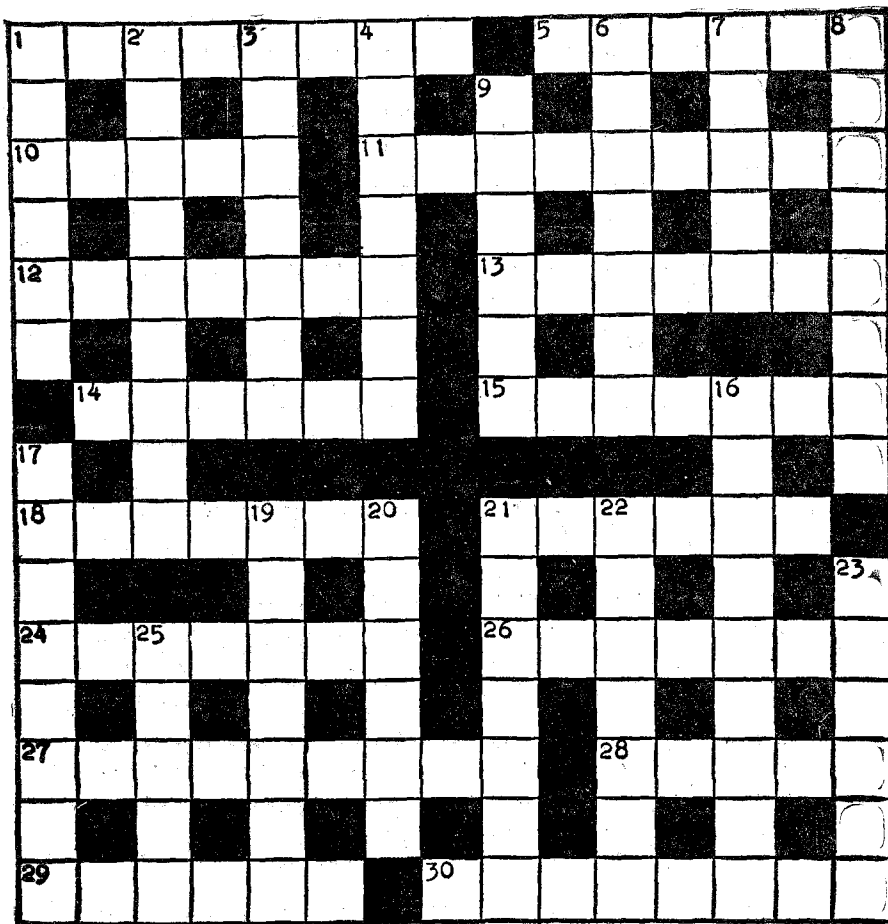
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1059

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Is the object of the joke in true opposition to the argument? (8)
- 5 and 10 Partir? One doesn't ask to take it! (6, 5)
- 11 Do they ride shotgun for the movers — as leading men, perhaps?
- 12 They should be representative and possibly sat on the third day, briefly. (7)
- 13 A car — the model in passage. (7)
- 14 and 15 Dress associated with bareness. (6, 7)
- 18 Came across, and scuttles the settled procedures. (7)
- 21 What might be placed on a horse around another quadruped and a dog. (6)
- 24 Cover, during one's travels, the French investigation? (7)
- 26 Pan and Zarathustra didn't get weight back! (7)
- 27 One can set such disturbed people at rest in the East. (9)
- 29 Strike over? Not with a good one.
- 30 Lists for those who like you to remember Mother. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Something in the barrel is hardly like a pickle! (6)
- 2 and 3 Obviously only a hick policeman would have one, not to come out and say so! (4, 5, 3, 4)
- 4 He might tell you how to notice what protects the eyes. (7)

- 6 Trouble in the plant? (7)
- 7 Zero degrees? (It could be there!)
- 8 Saves what wives have had to have. (8)
- 9 Does it imply a grasp of the brief?
- 16 In a way, it's truer in primates, but they usually admit something.
- 17 One who might cause trouble in accordance with the law, it should be understood! (8)
- 19 One has to have sense to recognize such things. (7)
- 20 Plots and players might be. (6)
- 21 What might make one strong as a fish, by the sound of it. (3, 4)
- 22 Raw eggs can be broken with bravado! (7)
- 23 Churchill obviously thought time was crucial. (6)
- 25 and 28 across Such favorites might be stuck up, as well. (3-2, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1058

ACROSS: 1 Violin; 4 Stickers; 10 Rootlet; 12, 16 and 11 Under the weather; 13 Ill; 14 Sunup; 15 Spirit; 17 Ensnared; 21 Forester; 23 Diana; 26 Exact; 28, 19 and 8 Bow and scrape; 29 Might; 30 Organdy; 31 Affirms; 32 Discards. DOWN: 1 Virtuoso; 2 On order; 3 Idler; 5 Towel; 6 Crass; 7 Enhance; 9 Strident; 18 Straw hat; 20 Bad taste; 22 Oranges; 24 Augured; 25 and 33 Second fiddle; 27 Tonga; 28 Bayed; 29 Mufti.

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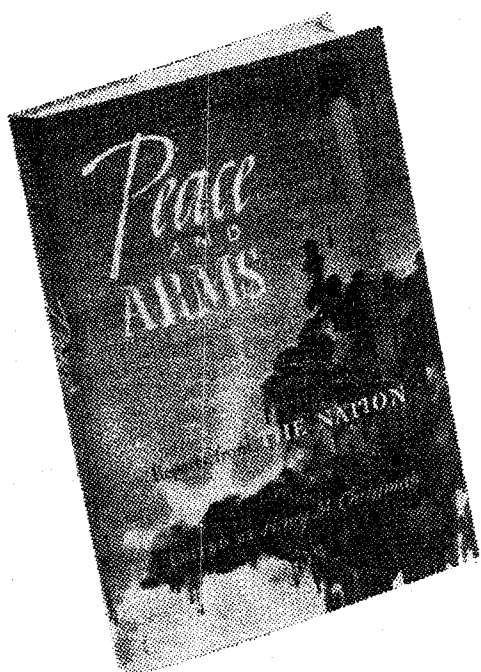
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